

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### PATIENCE REQUIRES A SPECIAL COURAGE

Malcolm Stuart drew a long sigh of relief. "Say, little Lady Salvia, I am mighty glad you have opened your eyes," he said.

"Have I been asleep very long?" I asked.

"Look at the sun and see the people walking about on the pier."

I gazed about and was surprised to find the pier, which was deserted when I dropped my head on my arms, was patrolled by many early risers.

"I must get back. Eliene and Mollie will think I am lost."

"I sent them word that you were asleep on the pier and they said that sleeping in the air was the best possible thing for you and to let you sleep. In the meantime, Eliene has had a wire from Harry. He will arrive tomorrow, so she took the first train home."

"You should have awakened me," I said, starting up and stretching out my arms to the sea.

Malcolm looked at me closely. "No, I should not," he answered decisively. "I do not know by what alchemy the rest you have just had has changed you, but you look about 16 with the whole world of life and love before you."

"I feel that way, Malcolm, and being a very healthy 16-year-old I am very hungry."

"Come out and have breakfast with me on the Lady Salvia," he urged.

"Haven't you had your breakfast?"

"Just coffee and a roll."

"That is just what I expected. You had your breakfast hours ago and I know that now you are ready for your dip in the sea. Go and have it, I am going back to the hotel to have much more than coffee and a roll and then have my usual visit with Mollie."

"Wait, Margie. Somehow I don't know you this morning. You have

lost all your pensiveness."

"I hope so," I said composedly. "I really hope I am never going to be pensive again. I am going to be just like the salvia to which you have flatteringly likened me. Malcolm, I am determined to live for each day and only remember if trouble comes to me that I must bear it. I am not going to borrow trouble."

"I am going to count my blessings. Some days when I am rather inclined to go back to the old thought I am going to count my blessings twice. Just now, my dear Malcolm, physical hunger calls, and I am like the little girl who said that waffles and honey could make you happier than any Sunday school song."

Malcolm laughed and took his dismissal gracefully. I ran down the board walk to my hotel and ate my breakfast with a gusto that spoke well for my returned health.

I found Mollie rather pale and perceptibly unhappy. "What is the trouble, Mollie?" I asked.

"Just got the Jimmies, I guess. I always get them in the morning. To wake up and have the first thought that comes to me say, 'You cannot walk. You must lie here all day'—I tell you it is almost more than I can bear. After a few waking hours I get my courage back—but, oh, Margie, it is easy to be a hero for a little while. It is the waiting, waiting, waiting—day after day that tries your soul. Sometime I am going to write a story extolling the courage it takes just to be patient. Here I am with only a broken bone—of course, I am a little weak from the loss of my baby—but it seems to me that I am really well everywhere except my leg, and yet I am so nervous I can hardly contain myself. Just see how my hands shake."

"Mollie, Mollie, don't give way to it. I know, my dear, for I have been through it, but you will be all right